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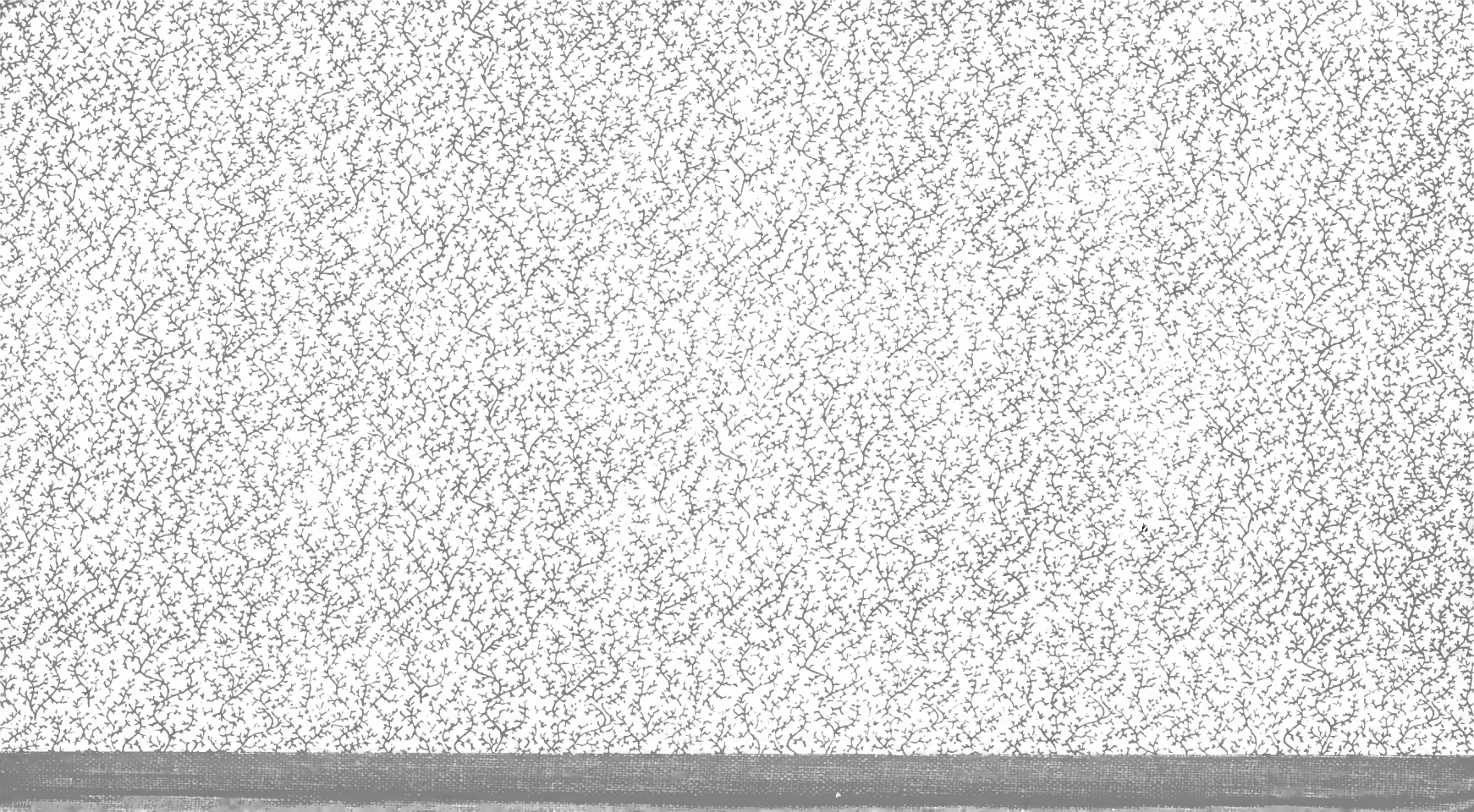

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PORTRAITS, MEMOIRS,

AND

Characters,

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS,

FROM THE

REIGN OF EDWARD THE THIRD,

TO THE

REVOLUTION.

COLLECTED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS EXTANT.

A New Edition,

COMPLETING

The Twelfth Class of Granger's Biographical History of England;

WITH MANY

ADDITIONAL RARE PORTRAITS.

BY

JAMES CAULFIELD.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. S. KIRBY, 11, LONDON-HOUSE-YARD, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1813.

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JOHN BRADSHAW,

President of the pretended High Court of Justice.

Pub.d October 14 1813 by R.S.Kirby 11 London House Yard.

MEMOIRS

OF

REMARKABLE PERSONS.

JOHN BRADSHAW.

[CHARLES I.

JOHN BRADSHAW, Serjeant-at-law, was a gentleman of a very ancient family in the county of Lancashire, but of that branch seated in or near Nantwich in Cheshire. He became a student in law, in Gray's Inn, and by his reputation and prudence acquired some fortune, but was a man of great ambition and insolence. He was made one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal for six months, in 1646, and Chief Justice of Cheshire, February 22, 1647. Being devoted to the republican cause, he acted as Lord President of the pretended High Court of Justice on the trial of

Charles I. taking great care of his own person, for the large hat he wore at the time was well guarded with iron: it is still preserved in Ashmole's Museum at Oxford*. His temper well suited the task of passing sentence on the king, as a "Traitor, tyrant, murderer, and public enemy to his country," and he was the first who signed the warrant for his execution, and for this service large sums of money and estates were voted him by parliament. His ungovernable disposition made him regarded with terror by all parties; and

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* The following inscription is on a copper plate belonging to Bradshaw's hat in Ashmole's Museum:

"Galerus ille ipse, quo tectus erat
"Johannes Bradshaw, archi-regicida,
"Dum execrabili regicidarum conventui
"præsideret
"Dignus ut in eodem loco
"Quo Fauxi laterna,
"collocetur;
"Illa papisticæ, hic fanaticæ
"Nequitiæ monumentum.
"In hoc dispares;
"Scilicet id nefas,
"Quod illa in tenebris machinata est,
"Hic sub dio perfecit.
"Dat An. Domini 1715: a Tho. Bisse S. T. P."

in opposition to Cromwell he secretly joined the Fifth Monarchy-men. Being afflicted with a quartan ague he died November 22, 1659, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. At the Restoration both houses of parliament ordered, on December the 8th, 1660, that his body, with that of Cromwell, Ireton, and Pride, should be hanged upon the gallows at Tyburn, and buried under it: this was carried into execution January the 30th, 1660-61, and their heads were placed upon Westminster-hall.

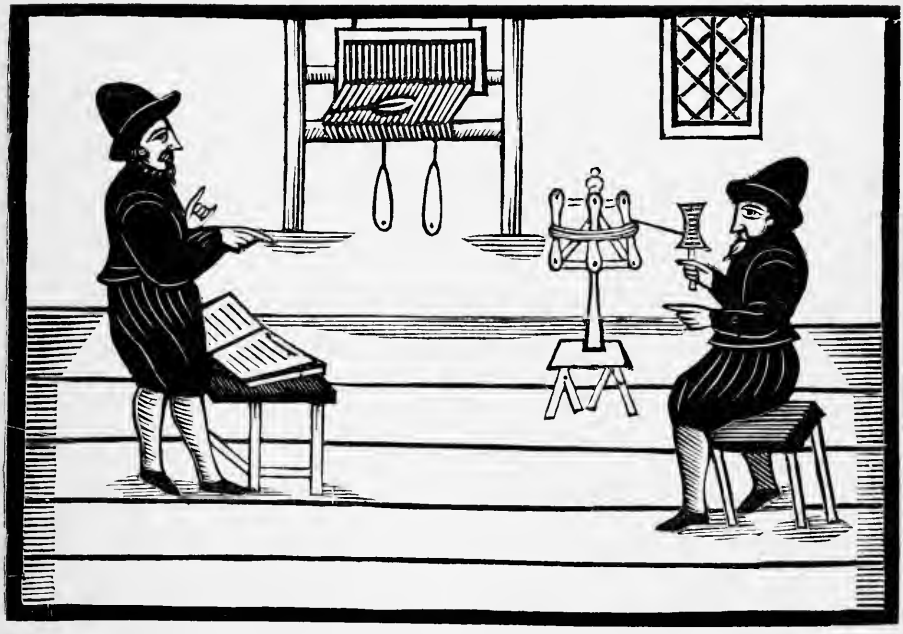
BULL AND FARNHAM.

RICHARD FARNHAM, a weaver, in Whitechapel, in the year 1636, like the pretended prophet Richard Brothers, of the present time, possessed himself with the thought of being the chosen king of Jerusalem; with this only difference, that instead of conducting the Jews to Jerusalem, he imagined that he himself must first be slain, and rise again, before he could attain to the government of that very city in which Kings David and Solomon once reigned. The text on which he founded his belief has these words: "*But I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy one thousand two hundred and threescore days, cloathed in sackcloth; and when they have finished their testimony, the beast that cometh out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome and kill them,*" &c. It became therefore necessary, to accomplish the prophecy, that he should have a companion in his mission, and for

A True Discourse of the Two infamous upstart Prophets, *Richard Farnham*, Weaver of *White Chappell*, and *John Bull*, Weaver of *Saint Butolphs* Algate, now Prisoners, the one in *Newgate*, and the other in *Bridewell:* with their Examinations and Opinions taken from their owne mouthes *April* 16. *Anno* 1636.

As also of *Margaret Tennis* now Prisoner in Old Bridewell, with the *Hereticall Opinions held by her, at the same time Examined.*

Written by T. H.



Printed at *London* for *Thomas Lambert*, and are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the Horse-shooe, neare the Hospital-gate in *Smithfield*. 1636.

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that purpose he associated to himself John Bull, a weaver, of St. Botolph, Aldgate; who persuaded himself that, for his own pains, he should after his resurrection reign in Jerusalem as high priest.

Granger affirms that Bull was most attended to, as he took the lead, and roared the louder of the two; but I am inclined to think the preference is given more to the name than to the fact.

Concerning *Margaret Tennis*, their accomplice, the author of their examination forbears speaking; for he says, "Her blasphemy is without parallel, as she utters things that make the *ears tingle* and the *heart tremble;* and that she is mad, or counterfeits so to be."

It does not appear that they were punished otherwise than by imprisonment.

ROBERT DOVER.

THE Cotswold Games were begun and continued at a certain time in the year, for forty years, by Robert Dover, an attorney, of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, son of John Dover, of Norfolk; who, being full of activity, and of a generous, free, and public spirit, did, with leave from King James I. select a place on Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, whereon those games should be acted. Endimion Porter, Esq. a native of that county, and a servant of that king, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage Dover, give him some of the king's old cloaths, with a hat, feather, and ruff, purposely to grace him, and consequently the solemnity*.

Dover was constantly there in person, well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director

* It was observed that Dover appeared on these occasions with more dignity in his carriage and deportment, than was ever seen in James I.

COTSWOLD GAMES

Pub.d by Caulfield & Herbert 1794.

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and manager of those games; which were frequented by the nobility and gentry (some of whom came many miles to see them) even till the Rebellion broke out, which put a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all their *games in future.* In the year 1636 was published a pamphlet in quarto, consisting of verses addressed to Dover, by some of the most esteemed wits of the age; such as Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, Thomas Randolph, Owen Feltham, Shakerley Marmion, Thomas Heywood, &c. Before the book is a print representing the games and sports; as men playing at cudgels, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, throwing the iron hammer, handling the pike, leaping over the heads of men kneeling, standing upon their hands, &c.; also the dancing of women, men hunting and coursing the hare with hounds and grey-hounds: with a castle built of boards on a hillock, with guns therein firing; and the picture of the great director, Captain Dover, on horseback, riding from place to place.

JOHN EVANS.

VERY little is known of this Evans, except what is related by William Lilly, his pupil, who tells several very extraordinary stories concerning him, which are here transcribed*: but on the whole, from the character given of him, he appears to have been more knave than fool. His

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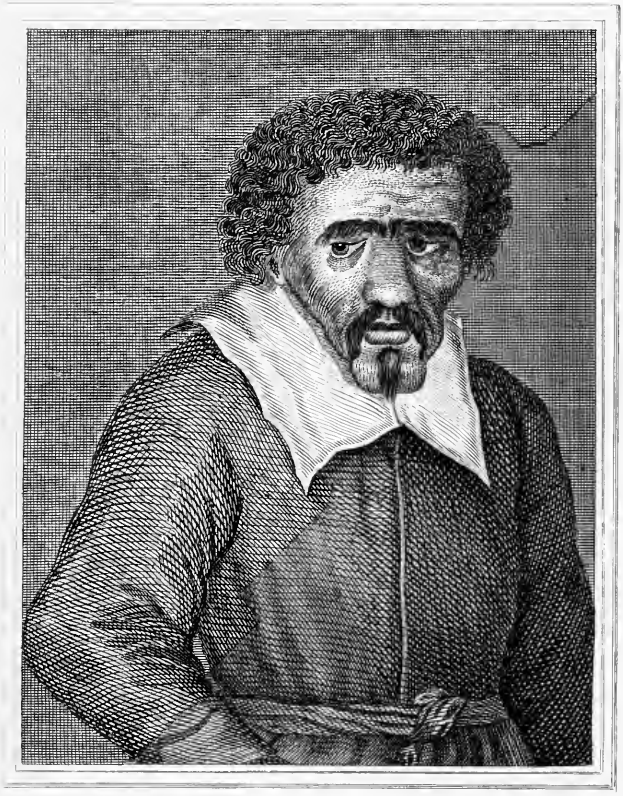
* It happened on one Sunday, 1632, says Lilly, as myself and a Justice of Peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay so learned that he could make an almanack, which to me then was strange. One speech begot another, till, at last, he said he could bring me acquainted with one Evans, in Gunpowder-alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the Black Art. The same week after he went to see Mr. Evans; when he came to his house, he, having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, (if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he lay) he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks; in which time I could set a figure perfectly: books he had not any, except Haly de Judiciis Astrorum, and Orriganus's Ephemerides; so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness.



IOHN EVANS,

the Ill fated Astrologer

of Wales.

Published by I. Caulfield Feb.ʳ 1. 1794.

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countenance, which was scarcely human, seems to have been admirably calculated to strike an awe into his superstitious consulters.

He was by birth a Welchman, a Master of Arts, and in sacred orders; he had formerly a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortune at London, being in a manner forced to fly for some offences very scandalous, committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived; for he gave judgment upon things lost, the only shame of astrology. He was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised, or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat-nosed, full lips, down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgment naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would frequently give contrary judgments, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally sub-

sisted; he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all*: he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits†, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me.

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* At this time there are many pretenders to astrology, who do not understand a single astrological character, much less Greek or Latin.

† There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman, that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who being desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintenance; but this young gentlewoman, his wife, desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use; after the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have her deed safely delivered into her own hands: the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the Angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his Litany every day, at select hours wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands what to do, in a short time returns, with the very deed desired, lays it down gently upon the table, where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman, who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences, in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing, and bringing away the deed, all that bay of building was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn to pieces.

Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the Minories, was desired by the Lord Bothwell, and Sir Kenelm Digby, to show them a spirit. He promised so to do: the time came, and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation, Evans was taken from out of the room, and carried into a field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labour, and spying a man in black clothes, came unto him, and awaked him, and asked him how he came there: Evans, by this, understood his condition, enquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which, when he understood, he told the labourers he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends. Sir Kenelm Digby and the Lord Bothwell went home without any harm, and came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they, in the afternoon, came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife to come to him at Battersea. I enquired upon what account the spirit carried him away; who said, he had not, at the

time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr. A. Bedwell, minister of Tottenham High Cross, near London, who had been many years chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was ambassador at Venice, and assisted Peter Soave Polano, in composing and writing the Council of Trent, was lately dead, and his library sold in Little Britain.

W. LILLY.

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RICHARDUS HERST
Fidei odio Suspensus Lancastriæ.
19 Augusti An: Dom: 1628.

RICHARD HERST.

RICHARD HERST was a yeoman of considerable substance, near Preston in Lancashire, and being known as a bigotted Catholic, and an harbourer of Romish priests, a warrant was issued to apprehend him as a recusant, and bring him before the bishop of Chester, to whose jurisdiction Lancashire is subject. The warrant was put into the hands of Christopher Norcrosse, a pursuivant under the said bishop, who took with him as assistants a person named Wilkinson and one Dewhurst, a man of so bad a character, that a warrant lay in the hands of a constable to take him to the house of correction, for some misdemeanour, at the very time he was employed to assist in the apprehension of Herst. When the party arrived in the neighbourhood they discovered Herst holding a plough, which a youth drove, while a maid servant led a harrow in the same field; when Wilkinson came up with his

warrant he struck at Herst with a staff, and the maid in a fright ran hastily to the house, with intelligence that some men were about to kill her master; on which her mistress, a servant-man, and a neighbour named Bullen, went to Herst's assistance, when a scuffle ensuing, Wilkinson knocked the servant and Bullen down, while the maid gave Dewhurst a blow on the head with some weapon she had armed herself with; when Dewhurst, in attempting to join his party, made such haste over the ploughed land, that he broke his leg; by this accident, for want of a skilful surgeon, a gangrene took place, of which he died after languishing thirteen days; but before his death the hurt on his head was perfectly cured.

While Dewhurst lay crying out that his leg was broken, the maid ran one way and Herst another, and absconded. The maid was not heard of for a long time afterward, but Herst having some powerful friends was advised to come forward and take his trial as accessary to the death of Dewhurst, some of whom had absolutely obtained the king's pardon, from the minutes of the transaction as stated before the coroner's inquest, notwith-

standing which he was found guilty as accessary to the murder, and executed the 26th of August, 1628. Though Bullen and the maid servant were suffered to escape, the former continuing unmolested as an ostler at Preston, and the latter not being sought after. Indeed it fully appears, that Herst's religion was his greatest crime, as the fury for hunting after Romish priests and recusants had just then commenced, in opposition to the queen and the catholics who swarmed about the court, but as they were there privileged, their brethren in the country felt the persecution with double acrimony.

TOBIAS HOBSON.

HOBSON, the carrier of Cambridge, by the help of common prudence, and a constant attention to a few frugal maxims, raised a much greater fortune than a thousand men of genius and learning, educated in that university, ever acquired, or were even capable of acquiring. He was, to use the citizen's phrase, "a much better man" than Milton, who has written two quibbling epitaphs upon him. But if that great poet had never lived, Hobson's name would have been always remembered; as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory, by erecting a handsome stone conduit at Cambridge, supplying it by an aqueduct, and settling seven lays of pasture ground towards the maintenance of the same for ever. He died in the time of the plague, 1630, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. There is a poem called "Hobson's Choice," which I have seen printed in a folio pamphlet, together with

Mr HOBSON.

Pub.d 1795 by Caulfield & Harding

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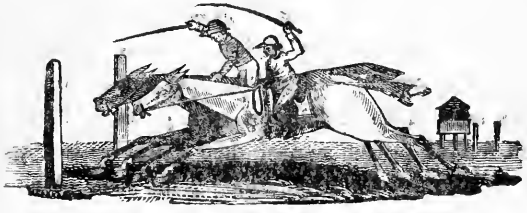
"The Choice," by Pomfret. His will is among Peck's Collections.

Account of Hobson from the Spectator, No. 509.

Mr. *Tobias Hobson* was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one who saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it; this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived at *Cambridge*; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say *Mr. Hobson* kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready, and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well-served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "*Hobson's Choice.*" This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, at an inn (which he used) in *Bishopsgate-street*, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

"*The fruitful mother of a hundred more.*"



MATTHEW HOPKINS.

MATTHEW HOPKINS, of Manningtree, who was witch-finder for the associated counties*, hanged, in one year, no less than sixty reputed

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* In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, MATTHEW HOPKINS of Manningtree, in Essex, and one John Sterne, and a woman along with them, went round from town to town, through many parts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, to discover witches. Several clergymen preached and spoke against them as far as those times would suffer, and particularly Mr. Gaul of Stoughton, in Huntingdonshire, opposed very heartily the trade that these people drove. In the beginning of his book, he hath printed a letter that HOPKINS wrote to one in his town. I will put down the letter just as Mr. Gaul printed it, because it shews us the man, and the gainful trade they made of it, and how any that opposed them were discouraged by the committees.

M. N.

" My service to your worship presented, I have this day received a letter, &c. to come to a town called Great Stoughton, to search for evil disposed persons called witches (though I heare your minister is farre against us through ignorance) I intend to come (God willing) the sooner, to heare his singular judgement in the behalfe of such parties; I have known a minister in Suffolk preach against their discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it (by the committee,) in the same place. I much marvaile such evil members should have any (much more any of

witches in his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could

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the clergy, who should dayly preach terrour to convince such offenders,) stand up to take their parts, against such as are complainants for the king, and sufferers themselves with their families and estates, I intend to give youre town a visite suddenly. I am to come to Kimbolton this week, and it shall be tenne to one but I will come to your town first, but I would certainly know aforehand whether your town affords many sticklers for such cattell, or willing to give and afford us good welcome and entertainment, as otherwhere I have been, else I shall wave your shire, (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself,) and betake me to such places where I do and may persist without controle, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest

your servant to be commanded,

MATTHEW HOPKINS.

In the 77th page of his book, after the mention of twelve very ridiculous signs of witchcraft, too much made use of at that time, Mr. Gaul proceeds—"To all these I cannot but add one at large which I have lately learnt, partly from some communications I had with one of the witch-finders, (as they call them,) partly from the confession (which I heard) of a suspected and a committed witch, so handled as she said, and partly as the country people talk of it. Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of a room upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture; to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords; there is she watched, and kept without meat, or sleep, for the space of four and twenty hours. (For they say that within that time they shall see her imp come and suck.) A little hole is likewise made in the door, for the imps to come in at; and lest it should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are

neither plead their own cause nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this wretch's

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taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies, to kill them. And if they cannot kill them, then they may be sure they are her imps."

It was very requisite that these witch-finders should take care to go to no towns, but where they might do what they would, without being controled by sticklers; but if the times had not been as they were, they would have found few towns where they might be suffered to use the trial of the stool, which was as bad as most tortures. Do but imagine a poor old creature under all the weakness and infirmities of old age, set like a fool in the middle of a room, with a rabble of ten towns round about her house; then her legs tied cross, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat. By that means, after some hours, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. Then must she continue in pain four and twenty hours, without either sleep or meat; and since this was their ungodly way of trial, what wonder was it, if when they were weary of their lives, they confessed any tales that would please them, and many times they knew not what; and for a proof that the extorted confessions were mere dreams and inventions to free themselves from torture, I will add some of the particulars that they confessed. Elizabeth Clark, an old beggar with only one leg, they said had an imp called *Vinegar Tom;* another called *Sack and Sugar;* and another that she said she would fight up to the knees in blood before she would lose it. She said the devil came to her two or three times a week, and lay with her like a man; and that he was so very like a man, that she was forced to rise and let him in when he knocked at the door, and she felt him warm. Ellen Clark fed her imp. Goodw. Hagtree kept her imp with oatmeal a year and a half and then lost it. One killed her imp for doing mischief. Susan

credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, which frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps.

His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming upon this *experiment*, was deemed a full proof of guilt; for which King James, *who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it*, assigned a ridiculous reason: "That, as such persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond; "if they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were *only*

Cocks's imp worried sheep, Joyce Boans's imp killed lambs, and Ann West's imps sucked of one another.

Hutchinson's Essay on Witchcraft, p. 61.

drowned." The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event, condemned and, as it seems, executed as a wizzard. Dr. Zach. Grey says, that he had seen an account of betwixt three and four thousand persons, who suffered death for witchcraft, in the king's dominions, from the year 1640 to the restoration of Charles II.* In a letter from Serjeant Widdring-

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* Grey's "Hudibras," vol. ii. p. 11. Dr. Grey supposes with great reason, that HOPKINS is the man meant in the following lines of Butler.

"Has not the present parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceast
Of griefs unnat'ral as he guest,
Who after proved himself a witch
And made a rod for his own breech."

Hud. Part ii. *Canto* 3.

ton to Lord Whitlock, mention is made of another fellow, a Scotsman, of the same profession with Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a head for every witch that he discovered, and got thirty pounds by his discoveries.

JEFFERY HUDSON.

HE was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire, in 1619; and about the age of seven or eight, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffery was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented by the duchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffery became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court. Sir William Davenant wrote a poem called "Jeffreidos," on a battle between him and a turkey-cock;* and in 1638 was published a very small book, called "The New Year's Gift," pre-

* The scene is laid at Dunkirk, and the midwife rescues him from the fury of his antagonist.

JEFFERY HUDSON

Pub.d by Caulfield and Co

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sented at court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus (commonly called little Jeffery), her majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphilus, with a little print of Jeffery prefixed. Before this period, Jeffery was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to fetch a midwife for the queen; and on his return with this gentlewoman and her majesty's dancing-master, and many rich presents to the queen from her mother, Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers*.

Jeffery, thus made of consequence, grew to think himself really so. He had borne with little temper the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the king's gigantic porter†.

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* It was in 1630. Besides the present he was bringing for the queen, he lost to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds, that he had received in France on his own account from the queen-mother and ladies of that court.

† A bas-relief of this dwarf and giant is to be seen fixed in the front of a house near the end of Bagnio-court, on the east side of Newgate-street: probably it was a sign. Oliver Cromwell, too, had a porter of an enormous height; whose standard is recorded by a large O, on the back of the terrace at Windsor, almost under the window of the gallery. This man went mad, and prophesied. In Whitechapel was a sign of him, probably taken from his portrait, published by Pierce Tempest.

At last being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued; and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged, that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback, with pistols, to put them more on a level, Jeffery with the first fire shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles.

He was again taken prisoner, by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. He probably did not remain long in slavery; for at the beginning of the civil war he was made a captain in the royal army, and in 1644 attended the queen to France, where he remained till the Restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse, Westminster; where he ended his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.

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VERA EFFIGIES Dmō BLASII DE MANFRE NETINI SICULI Æta 72. 1651.

Pub.d Nov.r 1.st 1794. by Caulfield & Harding.

BLASII DE MANFRE.

BLASII DE MANFRE, commonly called the Water Spouter, rendered himself famous for drinking water in large quantities, and discharging it from his stomach converted into various sorts of wine, simple waters, beer, oil, and milk, and performing this before the emperor, and several kings. It is certain, that he was one of the most wonderful jugglers that ever appeared in the world; and that he was by the generality of the people, and even by some persons of rank and eminence, regarded as a magician: but those who are acquainted with the wonderful faculties of the human frame, may account for it, strange as it is, without imputing it to supernatural powers. He was certainly in Germany, France, and several other countries of Europe; but very prudently declined going to Spain, for fear of the In-

quisition*. The late Mr. James West asserted that he lived long in England; which Granger would not believe, as he could find no mention of him in any of our books; and moreover adds, "Nor do I rely implicitly on the authority." It is, however, somewhat singular, that in another part of his book he calls the same authority unquestionable; for which see the account of Barefoot, the Letter Doctor.

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* It is certain that a horse, which had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his owner, put into the Inquisition, as if they had both dealt with the devil; but the supposed human criminal soon convinced the inquisitors that he was an honest juggler, and that his horse was as innocent as any beast in Spain.

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MAL CUT PURSE.

See here the Preſideſſe *o'th pilfring Trade*
Mercuryes *ſecond:* Venus's *onely Mayd*
Doublet and breeches in a Uniform *dreſſe*
the Female Humurriſt *a* Kickſhaw *meſſe*
Here *no* attraction *that your fancy greets*
But if *her* FEATURES *pleaſe not read her* FEATS.

London Published 1793. by J. Caulfield.

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

MARY FRITH, or Moll Cut-purse, a woman of a masculine spirit and make, who was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, practised, or was instrumental to, almost every crime, and wild frolick, which is notorious in the most abandoned, and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods*; she was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax, upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She well

* She made this trade very advantageous, having acted much upon the same plan that Jonathan Wild did, in the reign of George I. keeping a correspondence with most thieves of that time, and was particularly intimate with Mull'd-Sack, a well-known chimney-sweeper and thief; who once left her in pawn, for a considerable tavern reckoning; from which time she dropped his acquaintance.

knew, like other robbers, in high life, how to make the produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and to live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoaked tobacco; in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself. It was, at this time, almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of the *Merry Pranks of Moll Cut-purse*. She is also mentioned by Butler and Swift, in the following lines:

" He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
" Than burnish'd armour of her Knight;
" A bold Virago, stout and tall,
" As *Joan of France*, or *English Mall**." *Hudibras.*

" The ballads pasted on the wall,
" Of *Joan of France*, and *English Mall*."
Baucis and Philemon.

* A contraction of Mary; it is still used in the West, among the common people. Hence it derived the diminutive Malkin, or Mawkin, (a kind of loose mop, made of clouts, for sweeping the oven) a term often applied to a dirty slatternly wench; but it originally signifies no more than Little Moll.

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The Olde Old very Olde Man or Thomas Par, the Sonne of Iohn Parr of Winnington in the Parish of Alberbury In the County of Shropshire who was Borne in 1483 in The Raigne of King Edward the 4th and is now liuing in The Strand, being aged 152 yeares and odd Monthes 1635

Published by I Caulfield 1794.

THOMAS PAR, OR PARR.

THOMAS PAR, or PARR, was one of the oldest post-diluvians, of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, *John Taylor*, commonly called *The Water Poet*, from his being bred a Waterman, on the River Thames, wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "The Olde, Old, Very Olde Man: Or, The Age, and Long Life of *Thomas Parr*, The Sonne of *John Parr*, of *Winnington* in the Parish of *Alberbury*, in the County of *Salopp*, (or *Shropshire;)* who was born in the reign of King *Edward* the IVth. and is now living in the *Strand*, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to *London* about the end of *September* last, 1635."

Instead of fabricating any new and supposititious matter, some extracts from this scarce tract, which is in both prose and rhime, will, it is apprehended, be more satisfactory.

" The Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earl of *Arundell* and *Surrey*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some lands and manors, which his Lordship holds in that county; or, for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innated noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easie carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in-law of his (named *Lucye)* should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and (to cheere up the Olde Man, and make him merry) there was an antique-faced fellow, called *Jacke*, or *John the Foole*, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journies, the charges being allowed by his Lordship; and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on horseback with them, and

to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expences; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

" *Winnington* is a hamlet in the parish of *Alberbury*, neere a place called the *Welsh Poole*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury;* from whence he was carried to *Wim*, a towne of the Earle's aforesaid; and the next day to *Shefnall*, (a mannour house of his Lordship's) where they likewise staied one night; from *Shefnall* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*, from thence to *Coventry*, and although Master *Kelly* had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he came, yet at *Coventry* he was most opprest: for they came in such multitudes to see the Olde Man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt hee should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.)

" The trouble being over, the next day they passed to *Daventry*, to *Stony Stratford*, to *Red-*

burn, and so to *London*, where he is well entertained and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his Lordship."

Taylor's verses afterwards say, that "*John Parr*, (a man that lived by husbandry)

"Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and borne was he
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad,
And whip, and how to load, and to unload;
Olde *Tom* hath shew'd himself the son of *John*,
And from his father's function has not gone."

And farther, that

"*Tom Parr* hath liv'd, as by record appeares,
Nine monthes, one hundred fifty, and two yeares.
For by records, and true certificate,
From *Shropshiere* late, relations doth relate,
That hee lived seventeen years with *John* his father,
And eighteen with a master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five: his Sire's decease
Left him foure yeare's possession of a lease;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
That lease expir'd, the son of *Lewis*, called *John*,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the son of *John*, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.

And lastly, he hath held from *John, Hugh's* son,
A lease for's life these fifty years out-run;
And 'till Olde *Thomas Parr,* to earth againe,
Returne, the last lease must his owne remaine."

Taylor relates the following anecdote of *Olde Parr's* craft in endeavouring to over-reach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three yeares being expired, hee took his last lease of his landlord, (one Master *John Porter*) for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this Olde Man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore *Old Parr*, (having beene long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife looked out of the window, and perceived Master *Edward Porter*, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, husband, our young landlord is coming hither. Is he so? said *Old Parr*, I prithee wife lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe, which she did, and when Master *Porter* (yet forty yeares old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said,

wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeede, so she tooke up the pin, and Master *Porter* was half in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than hee was, because hee hoped to have his lease renewed for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

Of his wives, *Taylor's* verses speak as follows:—

" A tedious time a Batchelour hee tarried,
Full eightie years of age before hee married:
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,
In *Salop's* Countie, females fair and kind:
But what have I to doe with that; let passe,
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was
To *Jane, John Taylor's* daughter; and 'tis said,
That she (before hee had her) was a mayd.
With her hee liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then she dy'd (as all good wives will doe.)
She dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay,
Then once more ventred in the wedlock way:
And in affection to his first wife *Jane,*
Hee tooke another of that name againe:
(With whome hee now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda)*

She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of *Gillsel's* parish, in *Montgom'ry-shiere,*
The daughter of *John Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood*)
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* blood.)"

Of *Parr's* issue, *Taylor* says in plain prose, "Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter: the boyes name was *John*, and lived but ten weekes, the girl was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weekes."

A story of an illicit amour Old *Thomas* was punished for, is thus versified by *Taylor*.

" ——————— In's first wive's time.
Hee frayly, foully, fell into a crime,
Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have falne into. ———————————
For from the Emp'rour to the russet clown,
All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crowne,
Have in all ages since the first creation,
Bin foyld, and overthrown with love's temptation:
So was Old *Thomas,* for he chanc'd to spy
A beauty, and love entred at his eye;
Whose pow'rfull motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew action; action drew content;
But when the period of those joys were past,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
Faire *Katherin Milton* was this beauty bright,
(Faire like an angell, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far,
The ardent fervour of Old *Thomas Parr,*

That for lawes satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
Hee should be purg'd, by standing in a sheet;
Which aged (He) one hundred and five yeare,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did weare.
Should all that so offend such pennaunce doe,
Oh, what a price would linnen rise unto:
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks,
Our table linen, very porters frocks
Would hardly 'scape transforming."

Mr. *Granger*, in his *Biographical History of England*, says, that

"At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, whom he got with child; and was, after that era of his life, employed in threshing, and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king [Charles I.] said to him, "you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did pennance when I was an hundred years old."

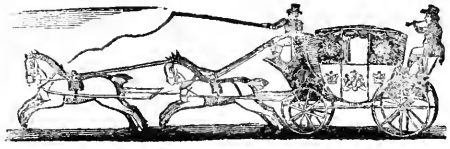
Taylor thus describes him in the last stage of life:—

" ———— His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,

His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall trunk,
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quicke, his stomacke good,
Hee'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And, though old age his face with wrinckles fill,
Hee hath been handsome, and is comely still;
Well fac'd; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it growes, not like a beard neglected.
From head to heele, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

Taylor concludes his prose account of this phœnomenon, by saying, "that it appeares hee hath out-lived the most part of the people near there, [*Alberbury*] three times over."

Granger says he died November, 1635.



YOUNG PARR.

YOUNG PARR, falsely supposed by some to be the son of Thomas Parr, who lived to the age of 152, could at most but have been a relation to him. He obtained the name of Young Parr, although upwards of fourscore years of age, as living at the same time with the very old man. Taylor, as we have seen, in his "Life of Old Parr," says, "He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter: the boy's name was *John*, and lived but ten weeks; the girl was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weeks." And Turner, in his "Wonders of Nature," subjoined to his "History of Remarkable Providences," tells us that Old Parr married his first wife at eighty years of age, and in the space of thirty-two years he had but two children by her, who died young; that at an hundred and twenty "he fell in love with Katherine Milton, and got her with child."

YOUNG PARR,

Son to Thos. Parr the Shropshire man, who was born in 1483, & died in 1635. His living to so great an Age as 152 Years, occasioned his Son to be Called young Parr as past 4 score....

Sold by Herbert Pall Mall

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The Turkish Rope Dancer.

THE TURKISH ROPE-DANCER.

THE only memorial of this man, that is left behind him, is to be gathered from the subjoined ballad, which it seems was made by an eye-witness of his performance. The portrait, which was drawn from the life by Hollar, was always supposed to represent some singular character, but of what quality was never known. Lately the publisher of this work, turning over some old books for information, was struck with the thought of the song's being made on this person, and on that suggestion has inserted it here.

A New Song on the Turkish Artist, who not long since came into England, and danced on a Rope eight and thirty Feet from the Ground.

A wight there is, come out of the East,
A mortal of great fame;
He looks like a man, for he is no beast,
Yet he has never a christen-name.

Some say he's a Turk, some call him a Jew,
For ten that bely him, scarce one tells true,
Let him be what he will, 'tis all one to you;
But yet he shall be a Turk.

This Turk, as I said in the verse before,
Is a very fine tawny thing;
If I tell you his gifts you can ask no more,
He can fly without any wing.
He towers like a Falcon over the people,
Before he comes down he's as high as Paul's steeple,
'Tis strange he makes not himself a Creeple,
But yet, &c.

Now to tell you how he gets up so high,
Why that's as strange as the other;
When he's forty yards from you, he's not very nigh,
These wonders are like one another.
But up he goes, and how does he go?
E'en walks on his foot, and takes hold on his toe,
He stands on his head o'th pinnacle of Boe;
But yet, &c.

Pray how do you think he begins his work
So wonderful to behold?
I cannot sufficiently praise this Turk,
For he's worth his weight in gold:
He goes, forsooth with a pole in his hand,
Till he comes to sit down where another can't stand,
There he looks about and surveys the land,
But yet, &c.

Even as the bird on the steeple-fane
Looks like a little one;
So I tell you over and over again,
Looks he the rope upon.
He's no fatter than us, but a mighty deal freer,
And though we think him no better than we are,
Upon the high rope he's each man's overseer,
But yet, &c.

When you see him appear in all his geers,
He seems to be under sail;
If the Fiend don't hold him by the ears,
Methinks his cunning should fail:
He makes no more to run on a rope,
Than a puritan does of a bishop or pope,
And comes down with a vengeance at one single lope,
But yet, &c.

On a sloping cord he'll go you shall see
Even from the very ground,
Full sixty foot high where I would not be,
Though you'd give me a thousand pound.
First he stands and makes faces, and looks down below,
Would I had twelve pence for each could not do so,
By my troth I'de never make Ballad mo,
But yet, &c.

One may venture high with him to dwell,
He has rapiers at his feet;
And a may-pole in his fist so cruel,
You'd bless yourself to see't.
Though his cap be green, his breeches be red,
He'll stand on a pole a top of his head,
To see him do all he'd bring you to bed,
But yet, &c.

There is a story yet untold,
You'll hardly believe't when you hear't,
And a wonderful one 'tis to behold,
As shall appear ne'er fear't;
He has a kind of a haberdehoy,
Ty'd to his feet, God give him joy,
Which he swings as high as the walls of Troy,
But yet, &c.

When he's above us, we are below him,
Yet wish not ourselves together;
We dare not hazard a leg or a limb,
For cracking a parcel of either:
But he the predominant lord of the cord,
Domineers o'er the peasant, the knight, and the lord,
And honestly shews fair play above board,
But yet, &c.

His confidence commends him much,
For he feareth the look of none;
He puts down English, French and Dutch,
And in ten shall give them one:
For what they deny to be, though it be good,
He ventures to strengthen his faith with his blood,
And they that saw him, him understood,
But yet, &c.

They say he's a man that's very well bred,
And carries a Babel of tongues;
His feet are so high from the top of your head,
To make him hear would crack your lungs.
He cannot much boast of his goods or lands,
But he gets his living by his feet and his hands,
You must know he is one of your heyderidans,
But yet, &c.

He's a very religious man also,
And is careful of his ways,
As doth behove him much you know,
Or else he should shorten his days,
Though he venture his body on a very high pole,
There are higher than he venture body and soul;
This is a truth and defies controul,
But yet, &c.

Then a speech is made in a heathenish tongue,
Even of his own accord;
To say what he says I should do you wrong,
For I understand never a word.
He quits his pole and his thumbs,
He wipes his face, and he picks his gums,
He dons his doublet, and down he comes,
And there's an end of the Turk.

HENRY WELBY.

OLD *Henry Welby*, well be thou for ever:
Thy purgatory's past, thy heav'n ends never.
Of eighty-four years' life, full forty-four
Men saw thee not, nor e'er shall see thee more!
'Twas piety and penitence caus'd thee
So long a prisoner (to thyself) to be.
Thy bounteous house, within, express'd thy mind;
Thy charity, without, the poor did find.
From wine, thou wast a duteous *Rechabite*,
And flesh so long time shunn'd thy appetite:
Small beer, a caudle, milk, or water-gruel,
Strengthen'd by grace, maintain'd thy daily duel
'Gainst the bewitching world, the flesh, and fiend;
Which made thee live and die well.—There's an end.

JOHN TAYLOR.

HENRY WELBY was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above a thousand pounds a-year. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of a gentleman. Having been a competent time at the university and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in

Epitaph. *Arabia veilds a* Phenix, *and but one.*
Obijt Die 29 *England, this* Phenix, *and besides him none;*
Octobris *So solitary Deserts both relyve,*
1676. *Not minding what the World doth most admire,*
His Face, though it was much defyld by many
In forty foure yeares was not seene by any.
She, in spyed flames, in fervent Zeale he dyes
And Both in Fame, new Phenixes *shall ryse.*

Pub.d by Caulfield 1795

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the love and esteem of his friends, and indeed of all that knew him; as his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were conspicuous, from his many acts of humanity, benevolence, and charity.

When he was about forty years of age, his brother, an abandoned profligate, made an attempt upon his life with a pistol; which, not going off, he wrested it from his hands, and found it charged with a double bullet. Hence he formed a resolution of retiring from the world; and taking a house in Grub-street, he reserved three rooms for himself; the first for his diet, the second for his lodging, the third for his study. In these he kept himself so closely retired, that for forty years he was never seen by any human creature, except an old maid that attended him; who had only been permitted to see him in some cases of great necessity. His diet was constantly bread, water-gruel, milk, and vegetables, and, when he indulged himself most, the yolk of an egg. He bought all the new books that were published; most of which, upon a slight examination, he rejected. His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk

was ever more constant and rigid in his abstinence. His plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous city. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity and was very inquisitive after proper objects*.

He died the 29th of October, 1636, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's church, near Cripplegate. The

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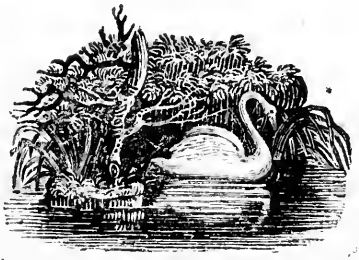
* In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and upon other festival days, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes seasonable for the times, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; when he himself (after thanks given to God for his good benefits) would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, which reached to his elbow, called for his knife, and cutting dish after dish up in order, send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c. till he had left the table quite empty; then would he give thanks again, lay by his linen, put up his knife, and cause the cloth to be taken away: and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of any thing whatsoever; and this custom he kept to his dying day; an abstinence far transcending all the *Carthusian monks* or *mendicant friars* that ever were read or heard of.

old maid-servant died but six days before her master.

He had a very amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hilliard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she nor any of her family ever saw her father after his retirement.



INNOCENT NAT WITT*.

NAT Witt was a poor harmless ideot, who was so unhappy as to be continually teized and provoked by the people in the streets; who were as much worse ideots than himself, as an active is worse than a passive fool.

UNDER THE ENGRAVING ARE THE FOLLOWING LINES:

Did you neuer see a man before? at what d'ye looke?
I am y$^{r}_{o}$ seruant Natt, an Honest Cooke.
Boyes trouble not mee! I'm going on my way,
You vex me soe, I know not what I say.

---

* Much such another character as Nat Witt was Harry Dimsdale, the Muffin Man of Soho, whom I have seen worried for hours together, by the less remarkable simpletons of his neighbourhood. At the general election, he was chosen Mayor of Garret, an honour he was not a little proud of.

Innocent NAT. WITT.

Did you neuer see a man before? at what d'ye looke?
I am yo seruant Natt, an Honest Cooke.
Boyes trouble not mee! I'm going on my way,
You vex me soe, I know not what I say.

Geor. Glover ad vivum delineavit et sculpsit.

From a scarce Print in the Collection of James Bindley, Esqr. F.S.A.

Pubd. July 24 1813. by R.S. Kirby. 11. London House Yard.

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Roger Crab *that feeds on Herbs and Roots is here,*
But I believe Diogenes had better Cheer.

Rara avis in terris.

Deep things more I have to tell, but I shall now forbear,
Lest some in wrath against me swell & do my body tear.

Pub.d Aug.t 27 1813 by R. Shirley 11 London House Yard

ROGER CRAB.

THE account of this singular character is chiefly comprised in the title to his life, which is reprinted in "Morgan's Phœnix Brittannicus," and runs thus.

"The English Hermit, or the Wonder of this Age; being a Relation of the Life of Roger Crab, living near Uxbridge*, taken from his own mouth, shewing his strange, reserved, and unparalleled kind of Life, who counteth it a Sin against his Body and Soul, to eat any sort of Flesh, Fish, or living Creature, or to drink any Wine, Ale, or Beer. He can live with Three Farthings a Week. His constant Food is Roots and Herbs; as Cabbage, Turnips, Carrots, Dock-Leaves, and Grass; also Bread and Bran, without Butter or Cheese. His cloathing Sack-cloth. He left the Army, and kept a Shop at Chesham, and hath now left off

* At Ickenham.

that, and sold a considerable Estate to give to the Poor; shewing his Reasons from the Scripture: *Mar.* x. 21. *Jer.* xxxv.—Wherefore if Meat make my Brother to offend, I will eat no Flesh while the World standeth," &c. 1 *Cor.* viii. 18.

Dr. Cheyne, who was an advocate for the vegetable diet, and mentions the longevity of some of the ancient ascetics of the desert, who lived on that kind of food, probably never heard of this strange humourist; or if he did has passed him over in silence as a madman, who seems to have destroyed himself by eating bran, grass, dock-leaves, and such other trash as was comprehended within his pious plan of living for three farthings a week. If Crab had resided in France or Italy, he would indubitably have retired to the monastery of La Trappe.

He probably died in London, as the following memorial of him is preserved in the church-yard of St. Dunstan, Stepney.

"Here remains all that was mortal of Mr. Roger Crab, who entered into eternity the 11th day of Septemb. 1680, in the 60 year of his age."

Tread gently, reader, near the dust
Committed to this tomb-stone's trust;

For while 'twas flesh it held a guest,
With universal love possest;
A soul that stemm'd opinion's tide,
Did over sects in triumph ride;
Yet separate from the giddy crowd,
And paths tradition had allow'd.
Through good and ill report he past
Oft censur'd, yet approv'd at last;
Wouldst thou his religion know,
In brief 'twas this: to all to do
Just as he would be done unto.
So in kind Nature's laws he stood,
A temple undefiled with blood,
A friend to ev'ry thing was good.
The rest angels alone can fitly tell,
Haste then to them, and him, and so

Farewell.

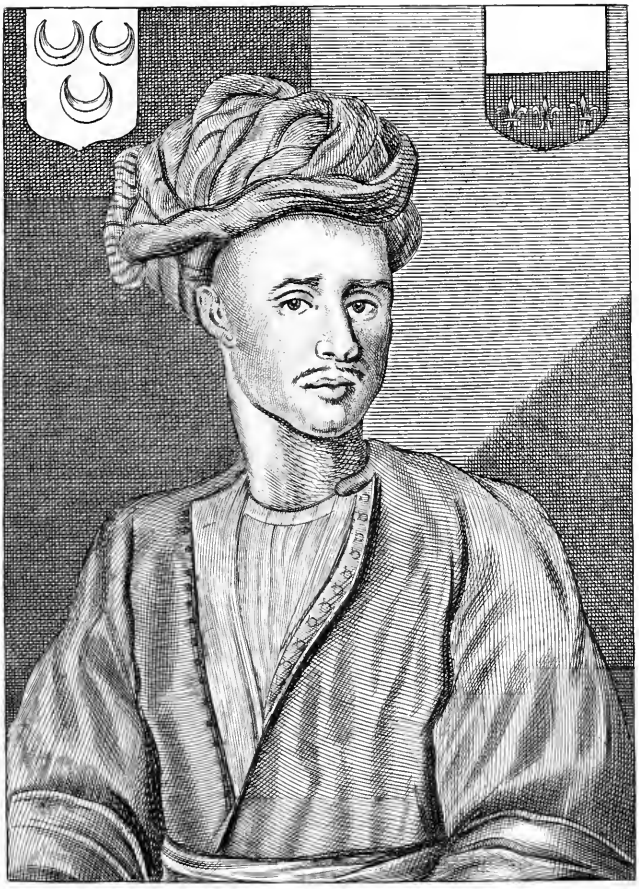
RIGEP DANDULO, A TURK,

Being converted to the Christian Religion, was baptized by the name of Joseph, at Exeter-house Chapel, November the 8th, 1657.

HE was descended from the noble family of the *Danduli* of *Venice;* some of whom had been advanced to the dignity of Doge, or Duke, of that ancient and famous Commonwealth. He was, therefore, derived from Christian ancestors, who were transplanted during the wars between the Turks and the Venetians; and in consequence thereof had forsaken the Christian Faith.

At the time of his conversion to Christianity, his father was a silk merchant, of good estate, in the island of *Tzio*, not far from *Smyrna*, a professed Turk; but his mother was a Christian.

About the sixth year of his age he was stolen by the Moors, and remained with them about nine years, during which period he visited *Grand Cairo*, in *Egypt*.



Rigep Dandulo *a Turke by 7. Descents (came into England with* Abde Aga *Agent from y^e Illustrious* Hamet Basha *of Argier) and was here Baptized into ye christian Faith by M^r.* GVNNING *at* Exeter *Chappel in ye Strand November 8th. 1657.*

Pub^d. Augt 17. 1793. by Caulfield.

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The Moor with whom he lived offered him, when he grew up, his daughter in marriage; but his unconquerable desire to return home, made him forego the advantage he might have gained by such an union, and embrace the first opportunity that occurred of revisiting his parents, from whom he found at first but a cold reception, they not being able to recognize in the man the child they had lost; till, on his mother demanding of him if he had a certain mole or scar on his body, which she remembered to have been on her lost child, and on his producing the same, both father and mother testified with embracings their joy at having recovered him.

After this he was engaged in several expeditions against the Christians; and in a great sea-fight between the Turks and the Venetians, in which the latter were victorious, narrowly escaped drowning: but having with much difficulty swum to shore, a Christian Slave, who had also just reached land, fell into his power; when, instead of making advantage of the accident, as he might have done, by delivering up the wretched creature to his master, he put his own safety to the hazard by assisting him in his escape.

At another time, whilst he was yet a Turk, compassionating the condition of a poor Christian captive, he bargained for his redemption, at the rate of forty-six dollars; of which sum he himself wanting six, he pawned his garment to make it up!

Having passed through many vicissitudes of fortune, by sea and land, in war and peace, he went to *Smyrna*, where he contracted a friendship with an English gentleman, named *Lawrence*, son to the Lady *Lawrence* of *Chelsea;* from *Smyrna* he went to *Tunis*, and from *Tunis* to *Algier:* at which time an agent being dispatched thence to England, *Dandulo*, having a great desire to see this country, accompanied him hither; and on his arrival happily meeting with his quondam friend, *Lawrence*, he was introduced by him to his mother, Lady *Lawrence*, at whose house he was hospitably entertained.

The particulars respecting his conversion to Christianity and Baptism, are recited in a small volume, entitled, *The Baptized Turk, or a Narrative of the happy Conversion of Signor Rigep Dandulo, &c.* octavo, 1658, in which he is thus characterized and described:—

His age is now about twenty-four years, his

stature tall, his body very slender, his colour something swarthy, and of the die of those climates wherein he hath lived; his feature comely, and his deportment very loving and courteous; he is very temperate in his diet, soberly and orderly in his conversation, of a cheerful and ingenious disposition; of extraordinary understanding and knowledge for one that hath been bred up in those parts, and amongst those people where arts and learning are under restraints and prohibitions: he is of a pregnant wit, and of good and elegant expression; adorned with handsome rhetorical flowers and illustrations: he is one that dislikes debauchery of life, and hath complained, before his conversion, of miscarriages of that kind which he observed in some that walked under the name of Christians.

MARTHA HATFIELD.

THE original print is prefixed to "The Wise Virgin, or a wonderful Narration of the various Dispensations of God towards a Child of eleven Years of Age; wherein, as his severity hath appeared in afflicting, so also his Goodness, both in enabling her (when stricken dumb, deaf, and blind, through the Prevalency of the Disease) at several Times to utter many glorious Truths concerning Christ, Faith, and other Subjects; and also in recovering her, without the Use of any external Means, lest the Glory should be given to any other; to the Wonderment of many that came far and near to see and hear her. With some Observations in the fourth Year since her Recovery. By James Fisher, a Servant of Christ, and late Minister of the Gospel in Sheffield. The fifth Edition, 1664." The epistle dedicatory, by the author, is dated the 20th of January, 1652.

This title so fully expresses the contents of the book, that nothing more need be added, but only

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that she was the daughter of Anthony and Faith Hatfield, of Leighton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was twelve years old the 27th of September, 1652; that she was seized with the disorder which the author calls the spleen-wind on the 6th of April the same year, and suffered repeated convulsions, and was rapt into several trances, till the 9th of December following, when she was restored to her senses. She continued in this state when the book was first published, with an imprimatur, signed "Joseph Caryl, 18th April, 1653." The licenser says, that "the truth of the particulars related in the narrative will be avouched by many persons of worth;" and concludes thus: "We hope, reader, those that are engaged in this work dare not commit such an impiety as to gull the world with a forgery." This seems to intimate, that Caryl himself suspected the truth of the relation; which will naturally remind the reader of the story of Elizabeth Barton, the pretended holy Maid of Kent. This pious fraud was so artfully managed, as to deceive even Sir Thomas More, who cannot be supposed accessary to any kind of imposture.

WILLIAM HOULBROOK.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1659, Cornet Joyce, with a party of republican soldiers, came to *Marlborough*, and having cause to suspect the sheriff of disaffection to the rump interest, they disguised themselves, and passed for the friends of Charles II. with the intent of sounding the disposition of the people of *Marlborough* towards the king's cause. Having occasion for a farrier to shoe some of their horses, they sent for this *Houlbrook;* who being of a loquacious turn, and a friend to the royal party, became an easy dupe to their designs, insomuch that he was trepanned to an adjacent village, and thence conveyed a prisoner to London, where he underwent many examinations before Bradshaw, who, after remanding him several times to Newgate, in hopes of bringing him to impeach many persons resident at *Marlborough*, particularly *Lord Seymour*, whom they suspected of an intention of furnishing Charles II. with ammu-

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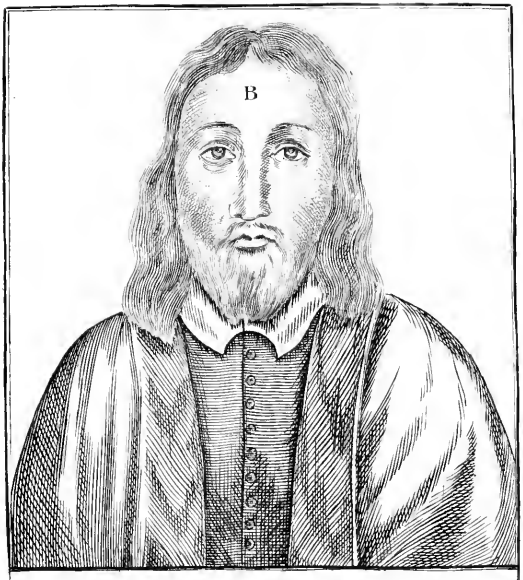
nition, men, and money; but finding *Houlbrook* could be of no use to them on this head, discharged him, on finding security for his future behaviour. In the year 1744 was published a Narrative of his Sufferings, to which is prefixed his portrait.

JAMES NAYLOR.

THIS enthusiastic visionary, who was converted to Quakerism by George Fox, was some time an admired preacher among the people of that religion. As his features bore a near resemblance to the common pictures of Christ, it struck his imagination that he was transformed into Christ himself. He presently assumed the character of the Messiah, and was acknowledged as such by his deluded followers. He affected to heal the sick, and raise the dead; and entered triumphantly into Bristol, attended by many of his sect, who strewed his way with leaves and branches of trees, crying, "Hosannah, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He was pilloried, burnt through the tongue, and branded with a B in his forehead, for blasphemy, and was moreover sentenced to be whipped, and confined to hard labour. The discipline of a prison soon restored him to his senses. One of his books is entitled, *Milk for Babes*, &c. written in the time of the confinement of his *Outward Man*, in prison, London, 1661, quarto.—He died at Holm, in Huntingdonshire, 1660, *in the 44th year of his age.*



James. Naylor.

Published by J. Caulfield Dec. 19. 1793.

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HUGH PETERS.

Published by J. Caulfield 1793.

HUGH PETERS.

HUGH PETERS, who was the son of a merchant, at Fowey, in Cornwall, was sometime a member of Jesus College, in Cambridge; whence he is said to have been expelled for his irregular behaviour. He afterwards betook himself to the stage, where he acquired that gesticulation and buffoonery, which he practised in the pulpit. He was admitted into Holy Orders by Dr. Mountaine, Bishop of London; and was, for a considerable time, Lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, in that city; but being prosecuted for criminal conversation with another man's wife, he fled to Rotterdam, where he was pastor of the English Church, together with Dr. William Ames. He afterwards exercised his ministry in New England, where he continued about seven years. He was a great pretender to the saintly character, a vehement declaimer against Charles I. and one of the foremost to encourage and justify the rebellion *.

* When Charles was brought to London for his trial, Hugh Peters, as Sir Philip Warwick says, "was truly and really his gaoler." It is besides strongly *suspected*, that he was one of the masked executioners, and that one Hulet was the other.

AUGUSTINA BARBARA VANBECK.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT OF THIS PERSON IS GIVEN BY D. GEORGI SAGARI:

"IN the year 1655, was publicly shewn for money, a woman named Augustina Barbara, the daughter of Balthazer Ursler, then in her 22d year; her whole body and even her face, was covered with curled hair of a yellow colour and very soft like wool: she had besides a thick beard that reached to her girdle, and from her ears hung long tufts of yellowish hair. She had been married above a year, but then had no issue*. Her picture deserves a place in any gallery or collection, to be preserved for its extreme singularity. If I conjecture right she is that very hairy girl mentioned by my celebrated friend Bartoline, and appears to me not to differ from her whom Borelli

* Her husband's name was Vanbeck. He is said to have married her merely to make a shew of her, for which purpose he travelled into various countries, and among others visited England.

BARBARA URSELLY.

Pub.d Sept.r 22. 1813 by R.S. Kirby. 11 London House Yard.

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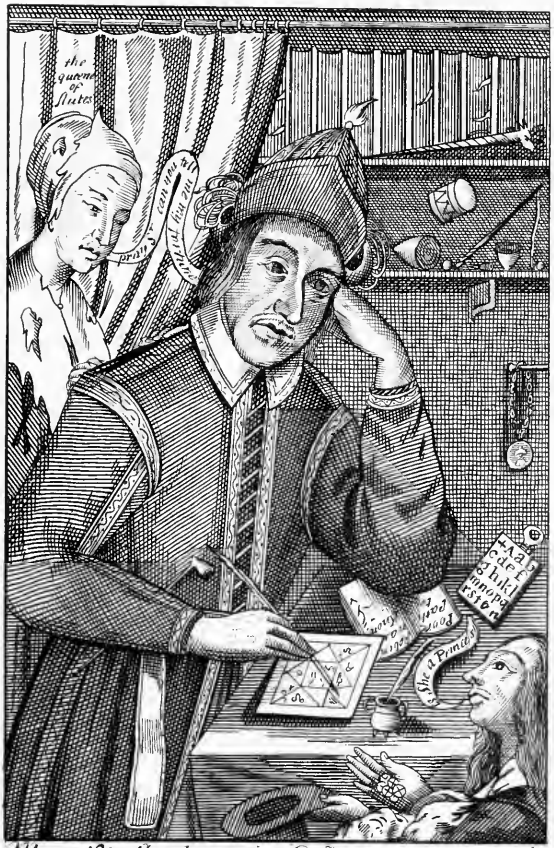
describes by the name of Barba; who he believed, improved if not procured that hairiness by art. But whether she is the same that the famous Vitrilius saw at Rome and Milan, I dare not affirm; for he hath no where mentioned this countrywoman of his that I know of."

JACK ADAMS.

THE FOLLOWING CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF JACK ADAMS'S PORTRAIT, IS TAKEN FROM THE BOOK, TO WHICH IT IS PREFIXED.

View here ye wonder of astrologers,
How solemnly he with himself confers,
Sure by his leaning posture we may guess
Some serious things his nodle doth possess.
The drum, tops, whips, and ratles by his head
He seems to slight: whilest fortunes he doth read;
Unto which purpose with what earnestness
See how the gallant doth his council press;
So earnestly as not to be deny'd,
Longing to have a princess for his bride.
Jone queen of sluts as earnest doth importune,
His worship would be pleas'd to tell her fortune,
Whilest he lookes down with an intentive look
On the twelve houses and poor Robin's book,
The medal which before him hangs on pin,
Is that which the Great Turk did send to him.
Nought else remaineth, that we should describe,
But's horn-book and his napkin by his side;
His pipe at's girdle which he calls his gun;
His ink-horn a porridge-pot; and so we have done.

JACK ADAMS, professor of the celestial sciences at Clerkenwell-Green, was a blind buz-



Magnifico Smokentissimo Custardissimo Astrologissimo Cunningmanissimo Rabbinissimo Viro IACKO ADAMS de Clarkenwell Greeno hanc lovelissiman sui Picturam

Hobbodeboody pinxit et scratchabat

London: Pub as the Act directs May 30.1792 by I. Caulfield

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zard, that pretended to have the eyes of an eagle. He was chiefly employed in horary questions, relative to love and marriage, and knew, upon proper occasions, how to sooth the passions, and flatter the expectations of those who consulted him; as a man might have had much better fortune from him for five guineas than for the same number of shillings. He affected a singular dress, and cast his horoscopes with great solemnity. When he failed in his predictions, he declared that the stars did not absolutely force, but powerfully incline; and threw the blame upon wayward and perverse fate: he maintained that their tendency was intrinsically right, when they intimated such things as were never verified; and that they were only wrong, as the *hand* of a clock made by a skilful workman, when it is moved forward or backward, by any external and superior force. He assumed the character of a learned and *cunning* man; but was no otherwise cunning, than as he knew how to over-reach those credulous mortals who were as willing to be cheated, as he was to cheat them; and who relied implicitly upon his

art*. The mercurialists, physiognomists, chiromancers, astrologers, philomaths, and well-wishers to the mathematics, were more numerous in the reign of Charles II. than they have been at any other period. There was a large collection of their works in the Harleian library†.

* Astrologers are empirics in astral science, as quacks are in physic. Such was the credulity of the people, at this period, that there was scarce a country town in which there was not a calculator of nativities and a caster of urine; some, to their great emolument, united both professions, as *a student in physic and astrology* was, by the generality of the vulgar, esteemed much superior to a *mere physician*; and planetary influence was supposed to be of the greatest efficacy in human life, especially in love affairs. I have heard of a woman who married very foolishly, and had this posey on her ring, as an apology for her ill conduct.

None can prevent
The Stars' intent.

It was currently reported, among the people who best knew the wife, that "the Stars also intended that the poor husband should be a cuckold." I have said more than I should otherwise have done on this subject, as I have now before me a scheme of a nativity, drawn up, for aught I know to the contrary, by Jack Adams. This alone would serve for a satire upon astrology.

† There appeared, in the reign of Charles II. an almanac under the name of "Poor Robin, a well-wisher to the mathematics," which has been continued for about a century. The author hit the taste of the common people, who were much delighted with a wit of their own level. This occasioned the publication of a book of jests, under the same name, and in the same reign.

"Although Jack Adams in many instances has furnished laughter to numbers, it is certain he was not held in a contemptuous light by the inhabitants of Clerkenwell, who, in gratitude for a benefit obtained by him from parliament towards their parish, have named an alley in Turnmill-street after him."

See Dodsley's London.

"What mortal that has sense or thought,
Would strip Jack Adams of his coat,
Or who would be by friends decoy'd
To wear a badge he would avoid."

See Account of Clubs and Societies, edit. 1756.

JOHN BAREFOOT.

LETTER DOCTOR TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Upon this table you may faintly see
A doctor, deeply skill'd in pedigree:
To *ne plus ultra* his great fame is spread,
Oxford a more facetious man ne'er bred;
He knows what arms old Adam's grandsire bore,
And understands more coats than e'er he wore.
So well he's vers'd in college, schools, theatre,
You'd swear he'd married our dear *Alma Mater*.
As he's our index, so this picture's his;
And, superscription like, just tells whose 'tis.
But the contents of his great soul and mind,
You'll only by his conversation find.

Ætatis suæ, 70, 1681.

THIS facetious man was many years a letter-carrier in the university of Oxford. It appears from the above inscription, that his memory was extraordinary: it is asserted, from unquestionable authority*, that his invention was as extraordinary as his memory. He was a coiner of what people call *white lies;* and as his fictions were ra-

* James West, Esq. who had it from the mouth of Mr. Hearne.

IOHN BAREFOOT.

Published by I. Cantfield Dec. 24, 1793.

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ther of the probable than the marvelous kind, they were sometimes verified.

John Grubb, a facetious writer of the 17th century, celebrates Barefoot's speed in the following lines.

Achilles of old Chiron learnt,
The great horse for to ride;
H' was taught by the Centaur's rational part,
The hinnible to bestride.

Bright silver feet and shining face,
Had this stout hero's mother;
As rapier's silver'd at one end,
And wounds us with the other.

Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
As hawk pursuing sparrow;
Hers had the metal, his the speed,
Of Barefoot's * silver arrow.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. *p.* 303.

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* From a note annexed to this poem, we are informed his picture is still at Oxford.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

WILLIAM BEDLOE, who assumed the title of Captain, was an infamous adventurer of low birth, who had travelled over a great part of Europe under different names and disguises, and had passed upon several ignorant persons for a man of rank and fortune. Encouraged by the success of Oates, he turned evidence, gave an account of Godfrey's murder, and added many circumstances to the narrative of the former. These villains had the boldness to accuse the Queen of entering into a conspiracy against the King's life. A reward of £.500 was voted to Bedloe by the commons. He is said to have asserted the reality of the *Plot* on his death-bed: but it abounds with absurdity, contradiction, and perjury; and still remains one of the greatest problems in the British annals. Ob. Aug. 20, 1680. Giles Jacob informs us, that he was author of a Play called, "The Excommunicated Prince; or, the False Relic." 1679.

Captain William Bedloe.

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Coll: Blood.

COLONEL THOMAS BLOOD.

COLONEL BLOOD was a native of Ireland, and the son of a blacksmith; from his infancy he was of the most undaunted resolution and courage, which led him not only into desperate undertakings, but into company of the worst description; with whom he made no scruple of committing the most daring depredations, until some of his companions being condemned for robbery, it broke up for a time, this desperate gang, but not until they had, under Blood's conduct, actually rescued and carried off in triumph one of their comrades from the sheriff's men, as they were leading him to the gallows near York. After this exploit he went to Ireland, and planned a design to seize the Castle of Dublin, and to usurp the government. This was only discovered by the vigilance of the Duke of Ormond, the night before it was to have taken place; when some of his accomplices were taken, and executed as traitors. The deaths of these,

Blood and the surviving rogues bound themselves by a solemn oath to revenge upon the person of the duke, and followed him to England for the purpose. That nobleman lived at Clarendon House, and was observed by Blood to go usually late home, attended by only two or three footmen. He therefore took with him five or six of his associates well mounted and armed, who came up to the duke's carriage, when near his own gate, knocked down his footmen, took him out of his coach, forced him up behind one of the horsemen, to whom they tied him, and were riding away with him with the intent of hanging him at Tyburn, with a paper pinned to his breast, expressing the reasons of their conduct. The duke struggled so violently to free himself, that at last he got loose, and threw himself with the fellow he was tied to, off the horse, when the servants coming up with assistance, Blood and his companions turned back, and finding it impossible to carry off their prize, discharged two pistols at the duke, but it being so dark, that they could not see to take aim, they missed him both times.

His next daring attempt was to obtain the crown and regalia from the Tower of London, and to put his intended scheme in execution he went habited as a clergyman, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, and brought a woman with him, whom he called his wife, who, after seeing the crown, &c. feigned a sudden indisposition, and begged Mr. Edwards, the keeper, to procure her some spirits, who immediately caused his wife to fetch her some; after which, appearing to be somewhat recovered, Mrs. Edwards invited her up stairs, where she pretended to repose herself for some time on a bed: after which they departed, with many thanks for the attention which had been paid them.

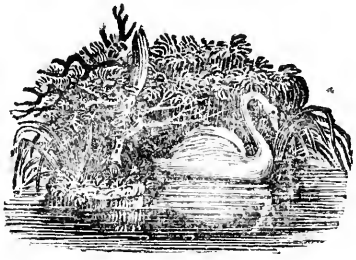
From this time Blood called frequently in a friendly way at the house of Mr. Edwards, and presented his wife with four pair of white gloves, in return for the favour bestowed on his feigned wife, and so far ingratiated himself, that a match was made up between a daughter of Edwards, and a pretended nephew of Blood's, with a reported fortune of two or three hundred a year.

The plan now ripe, by the confidence the

keeper had in his new acquaintance and friend, Blood repaired to the Tower, with three confederates, well armed in case of accident, when requesting his friends might be indulged with the sight of the regalia previous to the dinner Mr. Edwards had provided for Mr. Blood, his nephew, and friends, they took advantage of the old gentleman's negligence in not fastening a door, and after knocking him down with a mallet they had brought with them, they secured the golden prize, but were prevented from conveying it away by the providential arrival of young Edwards from Flanders, who came but just in time to save his father's life and preserve the crown; though the desperate Blood would not part with it, until forced by main strength, boldly asserting it was a point worth contending, the prize being nothing less than a crown.

The King was immediately informed of the particulars, and ordered a proper examination of all the parties, but being advised to hear the examination himself, Blood appeared so little intimidated, that in addition he confessed himself the principal in the attempt on the Duke of

Ormond; and the King was induced not only to pardon him and his accomplices, but granted him a pension of £500 per annum, as Blood declared, there were hundreds of his friends bound by solemn engagements to revenge the death of any of their associates, and not to spare the life of the king himself.



ANTOINETTE BOURIGNON

WAS one of those devotees who imagine themselves to be conducted by some particular inspirations. She was born at Lisle, 1616, and very deformed. Her father had promised her in marriage to a Frenchman; but she being determined not to marry, went away on Easter-day, 1636. Her design was to retire into some desert: she clothed herself, therefore, like a hermit, and got forward as fast as she could; but in a village of Hainault, somebody suspecting her to be a young woman, stopped her; and it being mentioned to the Archbishop of Cambray, he came to examine her, dissuaded her from a hermit's life, and obliged her to return to her father. She was soon after persecuted with proposals of marriage, which occasioned her to run away once more. She was governess of an hospital, 1653; and there locked herself up in a cloister, having taken the order and habit of St. Augustin. She published several books; and died at Franeker, in the province of Friesland, Oct. 30, 1680.

Her being in Scotland, in the reign of Charles II. gives her a place in this work.

Madam Bourignon?

Pub.d by Caulfield & Herbert 1794.

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Publish'd as the Act directs by J. Caulfield Nov.r 1.st 1793.

MARY CARLETON.

THIS woman, who had more *alias's* to her name than any rogue in the kingdom, was the daughter of a musician, at Canterbury. Her first husband was a shoemaker of that city, from whom she eloped, after four years cohabitation. In a year or two after her elopement, she married one Day, a surgeon, whom she soon forsook, and went into France and Germany; where she learnt the language of those countries, and robbed and cheated several persons. Soon after her return to England, she was married to John Carleton, the son of a citizen in London, who pretended to be a nobleman.

This man, as well as many others, is said to have taken her for a German Princess*; or, at least a woman of quality. She was soon after

* It is extremely probable, that the German Princess was the Heroine, from whom Defoe borrowed the idea of his pleasant *History of Moll Flanders.*

tried at the Old Bailey for bigamy and acquitted. Upon this she published an artful vindication of herself, to which was prefixed her portrait. She was afterwards an actress * in one of the theatres. The rest of her life is a continued course of theft, robbery, and imposture; in which, as she had a quick invention, great cunning, and an insinuating address, she was, perhaps, never exceeded.——If Mary Carleton had actually been a princess, she had parts sufficient to have thrown a kingdom into confusion; and might have done as much mischief as Catharine de Medicis did in France, or Henrietta Maria, in England. She was executed in 1672.

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* She appeared for a short time upon the *Duke's Theatre,* in *Dorset Gardens,* and once performed in a play, after her own name, the *German Princess;* there was a great concourse of people to behold her, yet she did not perform so well as was expected; but great applauses were bestowed upon her. Every new thing being, as they say, but nine days wonder; hers was not to last many years, although it was just nine years from her thus first acting on the stage to her last acting at the gallows. She carried a small picture of her husband, *Carleton,* pinned on her sleeve, to *Tyburn,* and put it in her bosom. When she was going to be turned off, she requested it might be buried with her; which was complied with accordingly, at St. Martin's in the Fields.

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STEPHEN COLLEGE,

The Protestant Joiner.

Pub.d Aug.t 25 1813 by R.S. Kirby 11 London House Yard.

STEPHEN COLLEGE,

COMMONLY CALLED THE PROTESTANT JOINER.

"By Irish oaths, and wrested law, I fell
A prey to Rome—a sacrifice to hell;
My bleeding innocence for justice cries,
Hear, hear, O Heaven! for men my suit denies."

STEPHEN COLLEGE was accused of being concerned in a conspiracy to seize the king's person, and detain him in prison, till he should yield to the exclusion of the Duke of York, and make such other concessions as the commons might require of him. When the parliament sat at Oxford, he went about, armed with sword and pistol, which furnished a pretence for his accusation. The court party, who watched for an opportunity to retaliate a plot upon the exclusionists, persecuted him with unrelenting violence. Dugdale, and other infamous witnesses, who had been informers against the Papists, were retained against him.

He defended himself with great spirit and ability, to the confusion of his adversaries; but the

jury, who were all zealous royalists, brought him in guilty. He behaved with a becoming fortitude at the place of execution, and persisted in asserting his innocence to the last. He was executed at Oxford, August 31, 1681. He was a man of a more enlarged understanding than is commonly found in mechanics. His ingenuity in his trade procured him employment among persons of rank; some of whom he was afterwards permitted to visit upon the footing of a friend. His faults were, being too pragmatical, and indiscreetly zealous for his religion. His daughter was seamstress to King William, a place worth 300l. a year. Dr. Swift informs us, that "this noble person" and himself were brought acquainted by Lady Berkeley. See Swift's "Letters," vol. iv. p. 336, edit. 1768.

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M.r Lauron ad vivum del.

G. Barrett sculp.t

Mrs Cromwell.

Published by I. Caulfield 1793.

MRS. CRESWELL.

THIS infamous woman was, from the natural effects of prostitution in her youth, far advanced in the decline, before she arrived at the meridian of her life. Her great experience in her former occupation qualified her for a procuress; and she soon became an adept in all the diabolical arts of seduction. She lived in town in the winter; and sometimes retired into the country, where she provided convenient lodgings for her customers; some of whom were persons of distinction. Though she appeared in her real character in the stews, she could assume a very decent behaviour, upon proper occasions; and frequently decoyed young unsuspecting girls to London, in hopes of preferment. She kept a very extensive correspondence, and was by her spies and emissaries, informed of the rising beauties in different parts of the kingdom. The trade which she professed was, perhaps, carried to a greater height at this period

than any other. This is plainly hinted at by a man of wit and pleasure, who sometimes dealt with her:

> " To an exact perfection they have brought
> " The action love, the passion is forgot*."

Mother Ross, Mother Bennet, Mother Moseley, and Mother Beaulie†, flourished, or rather de-

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* She desired, by *will*, to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds; but upon this express condition, that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. A preacher was, with some difficulty, found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of mortality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying, *By the will of the deceased it is expected that I should mention her, and say nothing but what was* well *of her*. All that I shall say of her therefore is this. She was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well;* for she was born with the name of Cres-*well*, she lived in Clerken-*well*, and she died in Bride-*well*.

Dr. Fuller, in his " Appeal of Injured Innocence," (part iii. p. 5.) tells us, that " When one was to preach the funeral of a most vicious and generally hated person, all wondered what he would say in his praise; the preacher's friends fearing, his foes hoping, that, for his fee, he would force his conscience to flattery. For one thing, said the minister, this man is to be spoken well of by all; and, for another thing, he is to be spoken ill of by none. The first is, because God made him; the second, because he is dead."

† Betty Beaulie, a bawd of figure, lived in Durham Yard, in the Strand. Charles Maurice Tellier, Archbishop and Duke of Rheims, who came to England, together with Crequi, to treat con-

cayed, in this reign; but of these matrons we have no portraits. Nor have we any of Mother Needham, Mother Rawlins of Deptford, Mother Douglass, Mother Eastmead, Mother Ph-l-ps, and several other Mother Strumpets, who deserve to be remembered as well as Mother Creswell.

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cerning a marriage of the Dauphin with the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, is said to have gone to her house.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S PORTER.

THE surname of this man is not recorded; his Christian name was *Daniel:* he was one of that class of mankind, vulgarly termed giants; in the language of common sense, he was remarkably tall; which perhaps, was the reason for his being selected as porter to the Protector; it having been the fashion, in the preceding reigns, to have beings of such magnitude attending the royal gates, *Oliver*, it may be presumed, affected this customary appendage of royalty. The measurement of his height is preserved by a large O, on the back of the terrace, at Windsor-Castle. "Like master like man," was, in one trait of character, verified in *Oliver* and *Daniel;* the latter having imbibed no small portion of the pious cant of Cromwell.

Mr. *Granger* says that he was a plodder in books of divinity, especially in those of the mystical kind, which are supposed to have turned his brain. He was many years in Bedlam, where his library was, after some time, allowed him; as there

M. Lauron ad vivum del. W. J. Taylor sculp

Oliver Cromwell's Porter

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was not the least probability of his cure. The most conspicuous of his books was a large Bible, given him by *Nell Gwinn*, (a woman who appears to have possessed almost every virtue, excepting that of chastity.) He frequently preached, and sometimes prophesied; and was said to have foretold several remarkable events; particularly the fire of London. Mr. Charles Leslie (in the *Snake in the Grass*, edit. 1698, p. 330), tells us, that people often went to hear him preach, and would sit many hours under his window with great signs of devotion. That gentleman had the curiosity to ask a grave matron, who was among his auditors, what she could profit by hearing that madman? She, with a composed countenance, as pitying his ignorance, replied, that Festus thought Paul was mad.

Subjoined to the above is the following excellent note, which coming from the pen of a divine, should have the greater weight.

"The gloom which religion too often spreads over the human mind, is generally the effect of narrow conceptions of the Deity; *whose mercy is over all his works.* This has frequently filled the cells of Bedlam and St. Luke's Hospital with the most wretched of all patients. To represent the best of Beings as the worst of tyrants, which some religionists have done, drives men of melancholy tempers directly to despair, and is worse, in effect, than Atheism itself."

MARY DAVIES.

A BRIEF

NARRATIVE

OF

A Strange and Wonderful Old Woman,

WHO HATH

A PAIR of HORNS,

GROWING UPON HER HEAD.

Giving a true Account how they have, several Times after their being shed, grown again.

Declaring the Place of her Birth, her Education and Conversation: with the first Occasion of their Growth, the Time of their Continuance; and where she is now to be seen, viz. At the Sign of the Swan, near Charing Cross.

Ye who love Wonders to behold,
Here you may of a Wonder read:
The strangest that was ever seen or told;
A Woman bearing Horns upon her Head.

London: Printed by T. J. 1679.

From an Original Painting in the British Museum.

Mrs. MARY DAVIS

of great Saughall near Chester A.o 1668 Ætatis 74 when She was 28 years of Age, an Excrescence grew upon her head, like to a Wen, which continued 30 years and then grew into two Horns.

Published as the Act directs Sep.r 10, 1702, by Stadfield, London & I. Herbert

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A NARRATIVE, &c.

READER,

IT may be, upon the first view of the title of this short relation, thou wilt throw it down with all the carelessness imaginable, supposing it to be but an idle and impertinent fiction; such as some frontless persons have too frequently exposed to public view, on purpose to impose upon the credulity of the gazing multitude, who are apt to gape at wonders, and to think all true as gospel, which they see in print.

That this may court thy more favourable thoughts, call to mind that such as intend to deceive, tell of wonders that are remote, and too far distant from thee, either suddenly to disprove, or presently to confirm thyself in the belief of what they have told.

This gives thee an account of what thou mayest, with little trouble, and as small expence, behold: take but a walk to the *Swan* in the *Strand*, near *Charing Cross*, and there thou mayest satisfy thy curiosity, and be able to tell the world, whether this following narration be truth or invention.

There thou mayest see a woman with horns growing upon the hinder part of her head, an object not only worthy of thy sight, but admiration too! She is seventy-six years of age, bred and born in the parish of *Shotwick*, in *Cheshire*, and within four miles of *Chester*, tenant unto his sacred majesty, upon a farm of sixteen pounds *per annum;* so that she is not necessitated to this course of life, or to deceive the credulous and short-sighted people, but to manifest to the world such a wonder in nature, as hath neither been read or heard of (we may justly suppose) since the creation.

She was wife to one Mr. Henry Davies, who died thirty-five years passed; and since she hath lived a religious widow, all along, of a spotless and unblameable life and conversation; of singular use to her neighbours: for she is a professed midwife, happy and successful in that undertaking; so that her departure was generally lamented in the place of her abode, in such a measure, that several of her neighbours and acquaintance brought her many miles on her journey. This strange and stupendous effect began first from a soreness in

that place where now the horns grow, which (as it is thought) was occasioned by wearing a strait hat. This soreness continued twenty years, in which time it miserably afflicted this good woman, and ripened gradually unto a wen, near the bigness of a large hen-egg, which continued for the space of five years, more sadly tormenting her than before: after which time it was, by a strange operation of nature, changed into horns, which are in shew and substance, much like a ram's horns, solid and wrinkled; but sadly grieving the old woman, especially upon the change of weather. But more accurately to describe its nature and manner of production, may be a subject proper for a college of physicians; and no question but it will be esteemed worthy to employ the ingenious *virtuosi* of the age, who need not their glasses to magnify its wonders.

She hath cast her horns three times already: the first time was but a single horn, which grew long, but as slender as an oaten straw. The second was thicker than the former. The two first Mr. Hewson, minister of *Shotwick*, (to whose wife this rarity was first discovered) obtained of the old woman, his

parishioner. They kept not an equal distance of time in falling off, some at three, some at four, and another at four years and a half's growth.

The third time grew two horns, both of which were beat off by a fall backward. One of them an *English* lord obtained, and (as is reported) presented it to the *French* king, for the greatest rarity in nature, and was received with no less admiration. The other (which was the largest) was nine inches long and two inches about. It is much valued for the novelty; a greater than any *John Tradeskin** can set to view, or the greatest traveller can, with truth, affirm to have seen. Sir *Willoughby Aston* hath also another horn which dropped from this woman's head, and reserves it as a choice rarity. At this present she hath a pair of horns upon her head, of six months growth; and it is not without reason believed, they will, in a short time, be larger than any of the former; for still the latter have exceeded the former in bigness. The circumstance of this relation considered or examined, at least with the sight of her, I hope it

* John Tradescant, the celebrated collector of Lambeth. *Editor.*

will not readily be believed to be an imposture, or artificial projecting: For so grossly to impose upon his majesty, and all his loyal subjects, would be an unpardonable crime, and would deserve men's contempt and not their company, and certainly expose the party to the violence of a rude multitude, who discovering a cheat, would, I believe, soon make the old woman *pull in* her HORNS.

I am informed that this very Mother Davies's picture is now in the possession of the learned Sir Richard Mead, M. D. also Mr. Ward, peruke maker, in the Strand, has a horn, several inches in length, which he uses as a snuff-box, the which he avers to have grown on the head of another woman, whom he affirmed, not many months since, in a very public company, to be then alive, and that she had several others, at different times; naming the persons in whose hands the said horns then were. The curious may, perhaps, think it worth their trouble to make farther enquiry. All this induced me to make room for so remarkable a singularity.

In the university library at Edinburgh is preserved a horn, which was cut from the head of Elizabeth Love, in the fiftieth year of her age. It grew three inches above her ear, and was growing seven years.

There is an engraved portrait of a Mrs. Allen, who was to be seen in Coventry-street, near the Hay-market, in the year 1790, who (I learnt from the person she lodged with) had a horn of some years growth, cut from above her ear; after which there appeared in different parts of her head, several hard substances, one of which ripened into the crooked horn the print represents; and it was in the opinion of an eminent surgeon, that the rest might grow into horns in a few years. She settled in Leicestershire soon afterwards. EDITOR.

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STEPHEN DUGDALE

Published 1794 by Caulfield & Harding

STEPHEN DUGDALE.

STEPHEN DUGDALE, who had been a servant of Lord Aston, became an evidence against that nobleman, the Earl of Stafford, and other persons of distinction. It appeared that the latter was at Bath, at the time in which he deposed that he saw him at Tixall.

This man was not altogether so infamous as Oates and Bedloe, but his testimony was equally contradictory and incredible. Turberville was another witness of the same stamp. The dying asseverations of the persons condemned upon the oaths of these wretches, have no inconsiderable weight, when thrown into the scale of their personal characters.

END OF VOLUME II.